

## FORTUNES IN SHOES.

Evolution of the Buckle as a Foot-Gear Ornament.

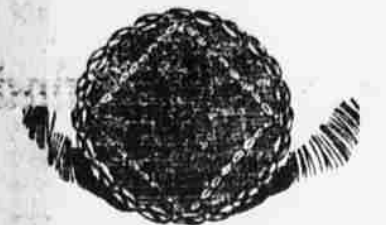
The Magnificent Baubles Worn by Elizabethan Dandies.

Dainty Feet Bedecked with Diamonds, Emeralds and Rubies.

The evolution of the buckle as an ornament for footgear has been an interesting study to manufacturers of shoes and shanks and uppers.

The origin of the buckle as a shoe ornament is shrouded in a great deal of uncertainty. But it is known that as ornamental devices for shoes they antedate all other contrivances.

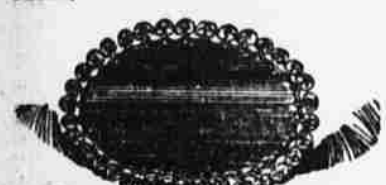
Of exactly what material the first shoe buckles were manufactured history does not enlighten us. It was in 1593, in England, that is found the earliest reference to shoe buckles, and rude sketches exhibit them as a band through which straps were drawn and then tied in bow fashion.



A CENTRE FOR RIBBON BOWS.

England's dandies of those Elizabethan days affected the buckles almost at the outset, and they became at once the entire "proper caper." France in a few years was infected with the buckle craze and with the customary enthusiasm of the Gaul the Parisian dandy was bedecking every portion of his foot-covering with buckles and nothing but buckles.

He wore them at the instep, at the ankles, on the tops and on the toes, and so rapidly popular did the ornaments grow that they finally became an extremely high-priced gew-gaw. They were a fad with youthful Croesuses, who had frames constructed of gold and studded with such precious gems as rubies, diamonds and emeralds.



WORN BY LADIES OF HIGHEST RANK.

There was apparently no especial practical object served in the make-up of these buckles of the early days. They were ornaments pure and simple and had none of the tongue-like fastenings of the present day.

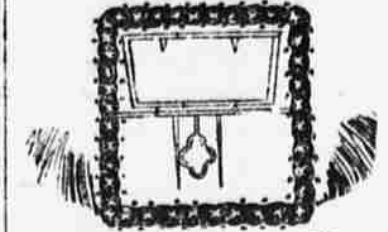
The framework of the old-time gold

and silver shoe buckles was highly decorated and chased with scroll and floral devices of a most artistic character. When fashion in after years decreed that buckles were passe, so finely jeweled were they that they served admirably for pious.



THE FRENCH CHROMO BUCKLE.

A popular design for buckles in the seventeenth century was in the form of a serpent poised head in air ready for the attack. It was only when the common masses, the followers of the true well-to-do, had them as they do now—adorned buckles, that the serious wealthy houses discarded them.



ONCE POPULAR LONDON ORNAMENT.

About 150 years ago fashion gave the changes once again on buckles, and they came into vogue once more. But the redoubt was not permanent, and it is by far the exception rather than the rule that a shoe buckle is now to be observed in a daily parade of our most prominent thoroughfares.



A COSTLY FAMILIAR CONCERN.

Still, it may be that a third revival of the buckle-wearing fever with all its ornate and elaborate accompaniments is another decade has passed and perhaps the swells of 1900 may be even more gorgeous in their display of this curious shoe adornment than our ancestors.



TRICELY SET WITH DIAMONDS.

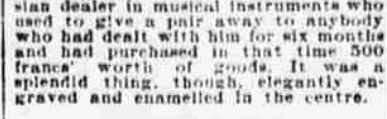
An idea of what the buckles of days ago were like, is given in the accompanying sketches. The first cut shows a solid silver buckle, handed with jets, with a square of gold beads. It was worn in low shoes as a centre for ribbon bows.



INLAIN WITH PRECIOUS STONES.

Next is a silver buckle encrusted with two rows of loops of gold, studded

with clusters and single emeralds. They were much used by ladies of highest rank.



AN ELLIPTICAL-SHAPED BUCKLE IS SHOWN IN THE THIRD CUT. They might be called the chromo buckles of that time, inasmuch as they were designed by a Parisian dealer in musical instruments who used to give a pair away to anybody who had dealt with him for six months and had purchased in that time 500 francs' worth of goods. It was a splendid thing, though, elegantly engraved and enamelled in the centre.



A LINK DESIGN.

A square-shaped buckle was a popular ornament with London men and women. It had a metal frame with jet and enamel colored designs. Jewels were set in the fifth cut was a Parisian conceit. It had a solid gold frame, richly chased and ornamented with heavy pearls. So popular did this become that later the pearls were replaced by diamonds and rubies, and by these changes the wearer made known his distinction as a person of great wealth and rank.



DIAMONDS AT THE CORNER.

It is said that a pair of boots with these buckles often cost from 15,000 to 25,000 francs.

The circular style seen next was a dainty thing, intended for use on the finest of silver slippers, with diamonds set thickly on the band.



PRETTY FRENCH DEVICE.

The remaining cuts all portray French devices, and they were all of the highest order. The workmanship, the pearls and precious stones. But it can scarcely be believed that such extravagance in such buckles will be duplicated in this age of common sense and wisdom.

Moved in On Saturday.

Superintendent—And who is your "neighbor?"

Scholar—I don't know yet, sir. We haven't had her room anything since the folks moved in next door.

Obedient to the Rules.

Agent Parry (to the agent)—Why, you haven't got to lock me in, Sir, are you?

Uncle Si—Dunno how I'm goun' to help it. I've got to go out for an hour, an' that's the rule. 'Cause me leave their keys with the clerk on going out.

## HIS REQUEST WAS GRANTED.

The Great Favor Asked By a Friend at a Swell Dinner.

I have a friend who is one of the most talented young men in the West, says a writer in the Chicago Post. The other day he came into my office and made a cold-blooded bluff about taking me out to lunch, at the same time flashing a \$100 bill before my astonished eyes. I took him up right then and there, of course.

We went to the Michigan and ordered in the neighborhood of \$16 worth of food and drink, and pitched into it as if we hadn't had anything before for twenty years. It was a safe bet that older markable exhibits of generosity among that I was to be called upon to give up something, and sure enough, I was.

"By the way," he remarked, as he was lighting his cigar, "the way, old man, I want to get you to do something for me."

"All right," I replied promptly. A friend who blows you off to a \$100 dinner, entitled to a soft answer. "What?"

"I hate to ask you," he went on, "but I'm in a bit of a fix. I've got a very difficult problem about asking favors of my friend, but you can do this, and I don't think that it will give you very much trouble. You know I never struck you for any kindness, as long as we have known each other."

"That's so," I answered, "go ahead, I'll do anything I can for you."

"There were real tears in his eyes. 'Don't let yourself be disturbed, old fellow,' I cried, much affected. 'Remember, I'm your friend.'"

"Yes, I can't do it," he said, when he had recovered his composure. "I can't bring myself to ask you right to your face. I'm afraid I've got to ask you in a roundabout way."

"By this time I was very curious to know what the trouble was, and so I asked him to tell me."

"No," he continued, "I can't tell you to do it. I'm afraid I've got to ask you in a roundabout way."

"I'm afraid I've got to ask you in a roundabout way," he said, "but I'm afraid I've got to ask you in a roundabout way."

"Please pay for the lunch."

Never Asked to "Look Pleasant."

Spigitt—The Chinese do not permit their women to be photographed.

Gory Garments.

Miss Bleeker—I love to see a little boy in his first suit.

Miss Emerson (of Boston)—Yes; as a matter of fact, I have seen some very becomingly dimmed suits.

Not an Eleemosynary Institution.

Partridge—They say Kicker puts up at the Central House.

Rhodes—Of course he does! You didn't suppose he got as room for nothing, did you?

A Good Rider.

Do you know why some bills are more easily driven through the Legislature than others?

"No."

"Because they have 'riders' attached to them."

## FOUND AFTER THIRTY YEARS.

A Former Rebel Evokes a Vow Against a Favorite Son.

Banished From Home for Favoring the Northern Side.

"Jack, the match peddler, has struck it rich," was the word passed through almost every home in lower Allegheny the other day, says the Pittsburgh Times.

The interpretation of the expression was that Jack Ramsey had been found and reclaimed by his father, who thirty-one years ago drove him from his home and branded him a traitor to the cause of Southern liberty.

The two had been separated as completely as if by death since their quarrel, and it is only by a very narrow margin that the match peddler's success is not attributed to the fact that he is a former rebel.

His home in an earlier time was in Georgia, twenty-five miles from Atlanta, and he was a very successful match peddler. He lived on the old place, and in his later years he was a very successful match peddler.

His father, on the other hand, was filled with Southern prejudice and considered his son a traitor to the cause of the South. He was a very successful match peddler.

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## A CAT'S GREAT LEAP.

Jumped from a Height of 190 Feet and Lived.

In the latter part of 1890, at a time when the Washington Monument had reached a height of 190 feet an adventurous and patriotic cat ascended the interior of the shaft by means of the ropes and tubing.

When the workmen arrived at the upper landing the next morning and began to prepare for the day's work, pussy took fright and, springing to the outer edge, took a "leap" of 190 feet to the hard earth below.

In the descent, which was watched closely by two score of men the cat sprang herself out like a flying squirrel and alighted on all fours. After turning over on the ground a few times in a dazed manner, she prepared to leave the grounds.

She had gotten almost beyond the shadow of the monument when a dog belonging to one of the workmen pounced upon her and killed her, she, of course, not being in her best running trim after performing such an extraordinary feat.

One of the men procured the body of the dead feline, smoothed out her silky coat and turned the remains over to a representative of the Smithsonian Institution, who mounted the skin and placed it under a glass case.

The label on the case tells this wonderful story in a few words: "This cat, on Sept. 25, 1890, jumped from the top of Washington's monument and lived."

The Barber Was Ready.

An old veteran told this as happening at Savannah during the war, says the Atlanta Constitution.

A young Confederate officer, who was pretty much of a bully, stopped at a barber-shop. Drawing his sword, he ordered the barber to shave him, at the same time warning him that if he cut his face or drew a drop of blood he would kill him when he got up.

The operation was performed without accident. Before he went out, however, the barber added the artist if he was not very much frightened while he was doing the work.

The barber smiled. "Not in the slightest," he replied. "for I had accidentally drawn a drop of blood I would have cut your throat from ear to ear before you could have moved."

A Natural Desire.

"First I went to Marnold's for rubbers; then to Perry's, to get that sack I was telling you about," began Mr. Mugger.

"I want you wouldn't talk shop," said Mugger, wearily.

On the Fox Seat.

"Coachesmen seem to me to be more prosperous than their employers."

"How so?"

"They're higher up in the world."

Where He Wanted Himself.

"What on earth do you want?" asked Mrs. Larkin of her husband, who, like most of the passengers, was suffering from seasickness, but was making more ado than any ten of them.

"I want to be in Allegheny ten years," he said.

"I have been in Allegheny ten years," he said.

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## A HARD-EARNED VICTORY.

Bluffed Himself Into a Dinner and Froze His Friend Out.

"Talk about your mean tricks and your cruel practical jokes—I've just had one played on me that's the meanest and the cruellest that a man ever thought of," said a Chicagoan to a Post reporter.

"What was it?" I inquired.

"I'll tell you. It was like this. I grog into the Washington hotel to lunch. Just as I'm sitting down in comes Jack Austin. You know Jack? Well, he sits down at my table and says he'll tell me a story."

"I size it up that he's getting into me for the lunch, but I says nothing, for I know there's no help for it, see? I only have about \$3.50 in my clothes, see? I let him order first, and he goes and orders woodcock and things like that up to \$2.25."

"This kind of freezes me, and so I tell him I'm feeling sick all of a sudden, and all I want is a cup of coffee and some crackers. That cost a quarter and makes the bill up to the limit of my purse."

"Well, we eat our lunch, and Jack tells two or three funny stories, and pretty soon the waiter comes and says he has counted two checks with a total of \$3.50."

"Here! says Jack to me, 'give me your check. I'll pay for the lunch.'"

"Now, I call that one of the most dastardly of practical jokes. If I had suspected that he was going to do anything like that I would have eaten the woodcock. It was I nearly starved. The worst of it was he saw through it all and it tickled him immensely."

ACTORS THEY HAD SEEN.

Two Tonsorial Munchausens Discuss Stage Kings and Queens.

Business was dull, and there was a lull in an up-town barber shop, one of the best-patronized establishments in town, says the Washington Critic.

Two tonsorial Munchausens were discussing the stage. They had both seen everybody and everything. Neither was over thirty-five years old, though they talked of things they had seen thirty-five or forty years ago. One of them said:

"Did you see the elder Booth?"

"See the elder Booth? was the reply. 'I should say I did. He used to play Camilla.'"

"The name—the same," was the reply. "And did you ever see Ned Forrest?"

"Many a time. I saw him in 'Fra Diavolo' twice and again in 'Rip Van Winkle.'"

"The conversation ran on in that line for about fifteen minutes, each trying to out-bid the other, when one of them exclaimed:

"But were you in this town when Miss Mademoiselle, the great French actress, made the tour of the country?"

"This was a dunner. It took the barber to whom the question was propounded about two minutes to answer, but he finally gasped out:

"I reckon I didn't see Miss Mademoiselle. I allow that you have seen more great stage people than I have."

Big Drives.

"From the Rider and Driver."

"Gorm is such an enthusiastic rider he reminds me of a salesman I know."

"How so?"

"He's nearly always on the road."

An Encouraging Outlook.

"From the Fork."

"Well, prisoner," said the prison chaplain to the convict, whose time was nearly up, "I hope your punishment has done you good."

"Yes, sir; it has," returned the prisoner. "It's put me in a bully trim to go back to town and knock the wind out of the witnesses who convicted me."

The Chief Requisite.

"From the Fork."

Kitty—You're an ideal chaperone, Mr. Lightly.

Jack—Yes; you are simply "out of sight."

From East New York

Scrofula in Severe Forms Entirely Cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The Greatest Blood Purifier Ever Discovered

Read the Statements Below

The tenacity with which Scrofula

Humor clings to its unfortunate

victims makes this form of blood

disease most difficult to cure.

Thousands seek relief

In vain, until they try Hood's

Sarsaparilla, which accomplishes

wonderful cures that it has won

the title of "The greatest blood

purifier ever discovered." Soon

after beginning with this medicine,

the raw and inflamed places grow

less and less troublesome, the

flesh assumes a healthy appearance

and in a reasonable time the dis-

charge ceases and the sores disap-

pear.

A Peculiarity

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla is that

while it purifies and vitalizes the

blood it builds up the whole sys-

tem, returning the strength dim-

inished by disease.

We Call Attention

to the following statement of the

success of Hood's Sarsaparilla in

a very severe case of scrofula

humor:

EAST NEW YORK, Feb. 5, 1891.

"We are so thankful to Hood's Sarsa-

parilla for what it has done for our little girl